

The Seventh

EPISTLE
Of the first Book of
HORACE
Imitated.

And Address'd to a Noble Lord.

HARLEY, the Nations Great Support,
Returning Home one day from Court,
His Mind with Publick Cares possest,
All Europe's Bus'ness in his Brest;
Observ'd a Parson near Whitehall,
Cheap'ning Old Authors on a Stall.
The Priest was pretty well in Case,
And shew'd some Humour in his Face
Looked with an Easy Careless Mein;
A perfect Stranger to the Spleen:
Of Size that might a Pulpit fill,
But more inclining to fit still.
My Lord, who as a Man may say't,
Loves Mischief better than his Meat;
Was now dispos'd to crack a Jest,
And bid Friend Lewis go in Quest.
This Lewis was a cunning Shaver,
And very much in Harley's Favour.
In quest who might this Parson be,
What was his Name, of what Degree:
If possible to learn his Story,
And whether he were Whig or Tory?
Lewis his Patrons Humour knows;
Away upon his Errand goes:

And

And quickly did the Matter Sift,
Found out that it was Doctor S ———
A Clergy-Man of special Note,
For shunning those of his own Coat ;
Which made his Brethren of the Gown
Take care by time to run him down.
No Libertine, nor over Nice ;
Addicted to no sort of Vice.
Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought ;
Not Rich, but ow'd no Man a Groat.
In State Opinions *Alamode*,
But Hated *Wh ———n* like a Toad.
Had given the Faction many a Wound,
And Libell'd all the *Juncto* round.
Kept Company with Men of Wit,
Who often Father'd what he writ.
His Works were Hawk't in every Street,
But seldom rose above a Sheet.
Of late indeed the Paper Stamp,
Did very much his Genius Cramp :
And since he could not spend his Fire,
Is now contented to retire.
Said *Harley* I desire to know
From his own Mouth if this be so ;
Step to the Doctor straight, and say,
I'de have him Dine with me to Day.
S ———t seem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor cou'd believe *My Lord* had sent :
So never offer'd once to stir,
But coldly said, *Your Servant Sir*.
Does he refuse me. *Harley* cry'd ?
He does, with Insolence and Pride.
Some few Days after *Harley* spies,
The Doctor fast'ned by the Eyes ;
At *Charing-Cross* among the Rout,
Where Painted Monsters are hung out :
He pull'd the String, and stop't the Coach.
Beck'ning the Doctor to Approach.
S ———t who wou'd neither fly, nor hide,
Came sneaking by the Chariots side ;
And offer'd many a Lame excuse,
He never meant the least abuse ;
My

(3)
My Lord —— The Honour you design'd ——
Extreamly Proud —— But I had din'd ——
I am sure —— I never shou'd neglect ——
No Man alive has more respect.
Well, I shall think of that no more,
If you will be sure to come at Four.
The Doctor now obeys the Summons,
Likes both his Company and Commons;
Displays his Talent, sits till Ten;
Next day, Invited, comes again:
Soon grows Domestick, seldom fails,
Either at Morning, or at Meals:
Came early, and departed late;
In short the Gudgeon took the Bait:
My Lord wou'd carry on the Jest,
And down to WINDSOR takes his guest.
S——t much Admires the Place and Air,
And longs to be a Canon there;
In Summer round the Park to Ride;
In Winter——never to reside.

A Cannon! that's a Place too mean:
No Doctor, You shall be a Dean.
Two Dozen Canons round your Stall,
And you the Tyrant o're them all.
You need but cross the *Irish Sea*,
To live in Plenty, Power, and Ease.
Poor S——t departed, and what is worse,
With borrow'd Money in his Purse,
Travel's, at least, an Hundred Leagues,
And suffers numberless Fatigues.
Suppose him now a Dean compleat,
Devoutly lolling in his Seat;
And Silver Verge with Decent Pride,
Stuck underneath his Cushion side.
Suppose him gone thro' all Vexations,
Patents, Installments, Abjurations;
First-Fruits, and Tenths, and Chapter Treats,
Dues, Payments, Fees, Demands, and Cheats,
The wicked *Laity's* contriving
To hinder Clergy-Men from thriving.
Now all the Doctor's Money's spent,
His Tenants wrong him in his Rent:

The Farmers spitefully combine,
Force him to take his Tyths in kind:
And * *Parvifol* Discounts Arrears,
By Bills, for Taxes and Repairs.
Poor S—— with all his Losses vex,
Not knowing where to turn him next.
Above a Thousand Pounds in Debt;
Takes Horse, and in a mighty fret
Rides Day and Night at such a rate,
He soon arrives at *Harley's Gate*:
But was so Dirty, Pale and Thin,
Old * *Read* would hardly let him in.
Said *Harley*, welcome, Reverend Dean,
What makes your Worship look so Lean;
Why sure you won't appear in Town,
In that old Wig and Rusty Gown.
I doubt your Heart is set on Belf,
So much that you neglect your self.
What I suppose now Stocks are High,
You've some good Purchase in your Eye;
Or is your Money out at use,
Truce—good my Lord—I begg a Truce.
The Doctor in a Passion Cry'd,
Your Rallery is Misapplied:
I have Experience dearly bought,
You know I am not worth a Groat.
But you'r resolv'd to have your Jest,
And 'twas a folly to contest.
Then since you now have done your worst,
Pray leave me where you found me first.

F I N I S.

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